

Upon Nothing.

A POEM.

1679.

By a Person of Honour.

Nothing, thou Elder-Brother, *Eve* to shade,
Thou had'st a Being e're the World was made,
Well fixt alone, of ending not afraid.

E're Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing, Something strait begot;
Then all proceeded from the great united What!

Something, the General Attribute of all,
Sever'd from Thee its sole Original,
Into thy boundless Self, must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet Something, did thy Nothing Power command,
And from thy fruitful Emptinesses Hand,
Snatch Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air and Land.

Matter, the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy Rev'rend dusky Face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did joyn;
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
To spoyle thy Peaceful Reign, and ruin all thy Line.

But Turn-Coat Time, assists the Foe in vain;
And bribed by Thee, destroys their short-lived Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb, drives back the Slaves again.

Thy Mysteries are hid from *Laick* Eyes,
And the Divine alone by warrant pries
Into thy Bosom, where thy Truth in private lies.

Yet this of thee, the Wise may truly say,
Thou from the Virtuous, nothing takes away,
And to be part of thee, the Wicked wisely Pray.

Great Negative! how vainly would the Wife
Enquire, Design, Distinguish, Teach, Devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their Blind Philoso-
(phies,

Is, or is not, the Two great Ends of Fate,
Of True or False, the Subject of debate,
That perfects or destroys designs of State.

When they have wrackt the Politicians Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely Rest,
Reduc'd to Thee are least, tho safe and best.

But Nothing, why doth Something still permit,
That Sacred Monarchs should at Council sit
With Persons thought, at best, for Nothing fit?

Whilst weighty Something, modestly abstains
From Princes Courts, & from the States-mans brains;
And Nothing there like stately Nothing Reigns.

Nothing, that dwells with Fools, in grave disguise,
For whom they Rev'rend Forms & Shapes devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furrs, and Gowns, when they
(look VVise.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,
Hybernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit are seen in Thee.

The Great Mans gratitude to his best Friend,
Court promises, *whores* vows, tow'rd's thee, I bend,
Flow Swift, Fly into Thee, and severs in the End.

FINIS.

1050